CLOUDS.

Wispy strokes on canvass blue,
A clever artist paints for you.
White dappled Shires float by with ease,
Their Mares Tails streaming in the breeze.
Soft blobs of candy floss on high,
Now decorate the summer sky.
Vast snow filled valleys in the air,
With silver aircraft flying there,
And from their seats, in sunlight glow,
The passengers see snowfields below.
A thousand galleons or more,
Head for a distant sunlit shore.
Upon an invisible sea they go,
Parallel to the Earth below.
White mountains billowing up to Heaven,
By internal bolts of fire are riven.
At night dark giants roam the sky,
They touch the mountain tops on high,
And mighty shafts of light hurl down,
With sheets of rain, the Earth to drown.
Then quietly out to sea they glide,
With flickering light dying out inside.
To meet the rising, glowing Sun,
Another glorious day begun.